

We think ordinarily of the present
As an infinitesimal point at which the future changes into the
past
And we also do a terrible thing
We imagine ourselves to be results of the past

You don't realize that the past is caused by the present
As the wake of the ship flows back from the prow
Now the wake doesn't drive the ship any more than the tail wags
the dog
But we've all got excuses
But the truth of the matter is it all begins here
This is where the creation begins
And you're doing it and won't admit it
Because, of course, you're all God in disguise

Jesus found that out, and they crucified him for saying so